Reflections of a Bachelor.

At 30 marriage is the wine of life; at 40 it's the morning after.

A man is quiet when he is dead; a woman is dead when she's quiet.

Every woman is a mirror of her bosom friend to her husband and a mirror of her husband to her bosom friend.

The first sign that a woman is beginning to feel her age is when she hunts up all the baby pictures of her children.

Half a woman's pleasure in buying a pretty pair of stockings cheap is spoiled because she can never be perfectly sure they won't crock.

When you see a girl's eyes look as if she had been crying she has generally met with some great grief, or else she has just had her bath and couldn't find her silk starching bag.—N. Y. Press.

Not Up in Nautical Lore.

At sea, as many people know, time, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into watches of four hours each. From four o'clock to six, and six o'clock to eight, there are half divisions, nautically termed dog watches. In an insurance case the counsel asked an old sailor what time of day a certain collision occurred, and received the reply: "About the middle of the first dog watch." In summing up the case the barrister enlarged upon the information thus imparted, as follows: "You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on this occasion, when, as appears from one of the plaintiff's own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo and the lives of passengers and crew were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!" —English Paper.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

Into this glorious world I came,
The free-born of the wind and flame.
I bound to me for good or ill
A body-serf to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do;
Wrong to make right; comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong;
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came;
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have. Impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes,
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go—
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!
—L. B. Bridgman, in Century.

YOUTHFUL BOUNTY CLAIMANTS.

AMONG the first applicants for wolf bounties in South Dakota, under the new bounty act which became a law in that state in the winter of 1898-99, were two mere tots of children, Rose and Custer Foulkrod, who made their appearance at the house of the county treasurer one morning only three weeks after the law went into effect.

Rose, the elder, is but 11 years of age, and Custer only nine or ten, and they looked even younger. The children are not brother and sister. Rose appears to be wholy, or in part, of Indian descent, and is a waif adopted in the Foulkrod family severall years ago. Custer, on the other hand, is a bright, sandy-haired little fellow, who gave direct answers to all questions put to him. His father, he said, had "gone for a soldier," and his mother was at her early home in Indiana; but "Grandpa and Grandma Hogan" were at their sod house on the North Fork, 11 miles distant. The children had come from there that morning.

When first seen, at about seven o'clock, they were sitting in front of the treasurer's home on a rude sled, harnessed to a very subdued, piebald cayuse or Indian pony. How long they had been there was not clear; they appeared to be waiting to be seen, not heard. It was a cold morning, while yet six inches of frozen snow lay on the ground, and their clothing was far from warm or abundant. They had wrapped themselves in three worn old blankets, and had a large, rickety goods box at their backs. Rose was sitting straight as a stick, her black eyes fixed on the house windows; she scarcely spoke at all, and declined to go into the house, after the treasurer had invited them to enter, but watched his face closely. It was the boy who did the talking. He said that they had come to "get the bounty," so that they could "go to the store and buy grub stuff."

"Bounty on what?" the treasurer asked them.

"Wolfses," said the boy. "Five wolfses and a lion and a kiyote."

"But have you the proofs—the hides, or scalps with the tails?" the treasurer asked.

"Yep," replied the boy, in a business tone. Jumping nimbly over the goods box, he hauled out from it five wolf pelts, a coyote hide and a small, mountain lion skin—all fresh.

The wolf-skins were those of the large, gray timber wolf, a formidable and destructive brute which inflicts deplorable losses on the stockmen of the counties west of the Missouri, bordering the Black hills. The new bounty law provides that three dollars shall be paid by county treasurers for each gray wolf scalp or hide, a like sum for a mountain lion, and one dollar for a coyote.

But satisfactory evidence must be presented that the animals were killed within the county or state, and it is the treasurer's duty, on payment, to punch a hole not less than half an inch in diameter in each ear of every skin, to prevent "repeating." The skin, thus marked, is returned to the person presenting it, who can sell it if he wishes. It is expected also that the owners of cattle and sheep ranches will pay a bounty to those who destroy wolves and panthers, in addition to that paid by the state.

To prevent fraud, the county officers are obliged to use vigilance, and in this instance the treasurer's suspicion was that the children had been sent to him by some one who had brought the skins into the state from Nebraska or Wyoming.

"Where did you get these hides?" he asked.

"Off'n wolfses," replied the lad.

"Yes, but who killed them?"

The boy's eyes searched the treasurer's. "Grandpa Hogan made pilis fer 'em," he replied, as if conceding something unwillingly, "but her and me ketched 'em," he added, stoutly, indicating his companion with a nod.

"How old a man is your grandfather?" the treasurer asked, incredulously.

"He's most 80, grandpa is, and it took him most all the forenoon every time to get to skin 'em."

"Look here, you must tell me the truth about this!" said the treasurer, severely.

"I'm telling you the truth!" replied the boy, with clear-eyed honesty. "Her and me ketched 'em and grandpa made pills fer 'em fer us."

"But tell me how you caught these wolves!" exclaimed the treasurer, still unconvinced.

"We ketched 'em in the shack."

"What shack? Where?"

"Grandpa's old shack, where he used to live, on t'other side of the crick."

"Yes, but how did you catch wolves in this shack?" questioned the treasurer. "How came the wolves in the shack?"

"They went in to get the hoss head and the steer bones."

"Bones that you put there for bait? But what kept the wolves from coming out?"

The boy explained that "her"—meaning Rose, whose black eyes blinked rapidly when the treasurer looked at her—had made a kind of spring catch from dry ash wood and a leather string, attached to which was a stone for a weight. The door of the shack, or small log shanty, was left ajar about ten inches, so that a wolf, "lion," or any other creature, approaching the empty structure, could put its head in and look about the interior.

To all appearance the door was unfastened, swinging free, and the wolf or other wild beast was not alarmed by anything that it saw either within or without. To get the bones it had but to walk in; yet when it did so, the larger part of its body pushed the door back a little farther, and the ashen spring at the top, bending slightly, released the weight attached to the spring. Then—as the creature's body passed in—the door was pulled to with just sufficient force to latch it. The animal was thus entrapped, and all so quietly that it scarcely felt any alarm at first.

How the girl had learned so cunning a stratagem was not explained; perhaps from her Indian mother. There was very little to it of gear or mechanism, and nothing whatever in the way of metal; otherwise it would have failed, since it is now almost impossible to take these wolves in steel traps, or in log traps such as white hunters sometimes construct.

Yet to this primitive device, contrived by the hand of an 11-year-old child, five large gray wolves had, one after another, fallen victims. Two, indeed, had been entrapped at once, the second having apparently pushed into the shack with the first.

The shack itself was simply a little low log house without windows, and having a sod roof. When once the door had swung to and latched behind the wolf, it was a prisoner.

By the time the boy had explained it, and told how the spring and weight were adjusted, the treasurer became convinced of his truthfulness. He brought out his punch and hammer, and proceeded to make holes in the ears of the skins, as by law directed, wild little Rose eying his every movement with attention to details.

"How did you know when you had caught a wolf?" the treasurer asked.

"Her went up to look every morning," said the boy.

"What did you do when you found you had a wolf?" the treasurer asked the girl; but she only blinked half a dozen times in a second, and it was still the boy who replied for her that she ran home to get Grandpa Hogan to "make a pill" for it.

The old man had been a wolf-hunter in his day, and knew that to shoot a wolf inside the shack would spoil all chance of trapping another there. He inclosed enough strychnine to kill a wolf in a bit of tallow, the size of a hen's egg. This the children carried to the shack and poked in through a chink between the logs, and after they had gone the wolf's hunger soon did the rest.

Toward evening the two small hunters were wont to return, and in no case had failed to find the wolf dead. They then opened the door, and attaching a bit of rope to the animal's hind legs, hauled it home in triumph.

Although too infirm to go abroad in the snow, the old man was able to skin the wolves when brought to him.

The treasurer paid the children the bounty money—$19 in all—and with an amused smile watched them drive to the store to buy "grub stuff," of which the forlorn family was no doubt in need. It was likely that they would be able to sell the skins for as much more, however, and the treasurer concluded that there was no immediate cause for alarm concerning the Foulkrods as long as they had little Rose to trap for them and Custer to do the talking.—Youth's Companion.

Judge and Lawyer.

The resounding and effusive court oratory of the past is not much in fashion nowadays, especially in cases which are not tried by juries, and in which the judges are so well conversant with the law that they seek little more than a concrete presentation of the facts. A story is told of the late Mr. Justice Miller, of the United States supreme court, which illustrates the demand of the courts nowadays. Mr. Justice Miller was always courteous, but in his last years on the supreme bench he acquired an aversion to what some of the lawyers at the bar of the court took to be oratory. A lawyer, who may be called Brown, was addressing the court one day in a long, rambling speech. Justice Miller listened, uneasily fanning himself, for some time. Then he leaned over the desk and said, in an audible whisper: "O Brown, come to the point!" "Wh-hat point, your honor?" said the visibly astonished lawyer. "Any point!" answered the judge. The rest of the address was a rapid condensation of the whole matter.—Youth's Companion.

Keep Mother in Repair.

A nap after dinner is worth two hours of sleep in the morning to mother, and she declares she could not be happy without. Mothers, more than most people, wear out if they are not repaired, and it is the duty of the family to see that repairs go on before the dear tenement falters. So many people paint the house and have the homes cleaned and repapered, and the furniture retouched, who never think of repairing the mother.—Boston Globe.